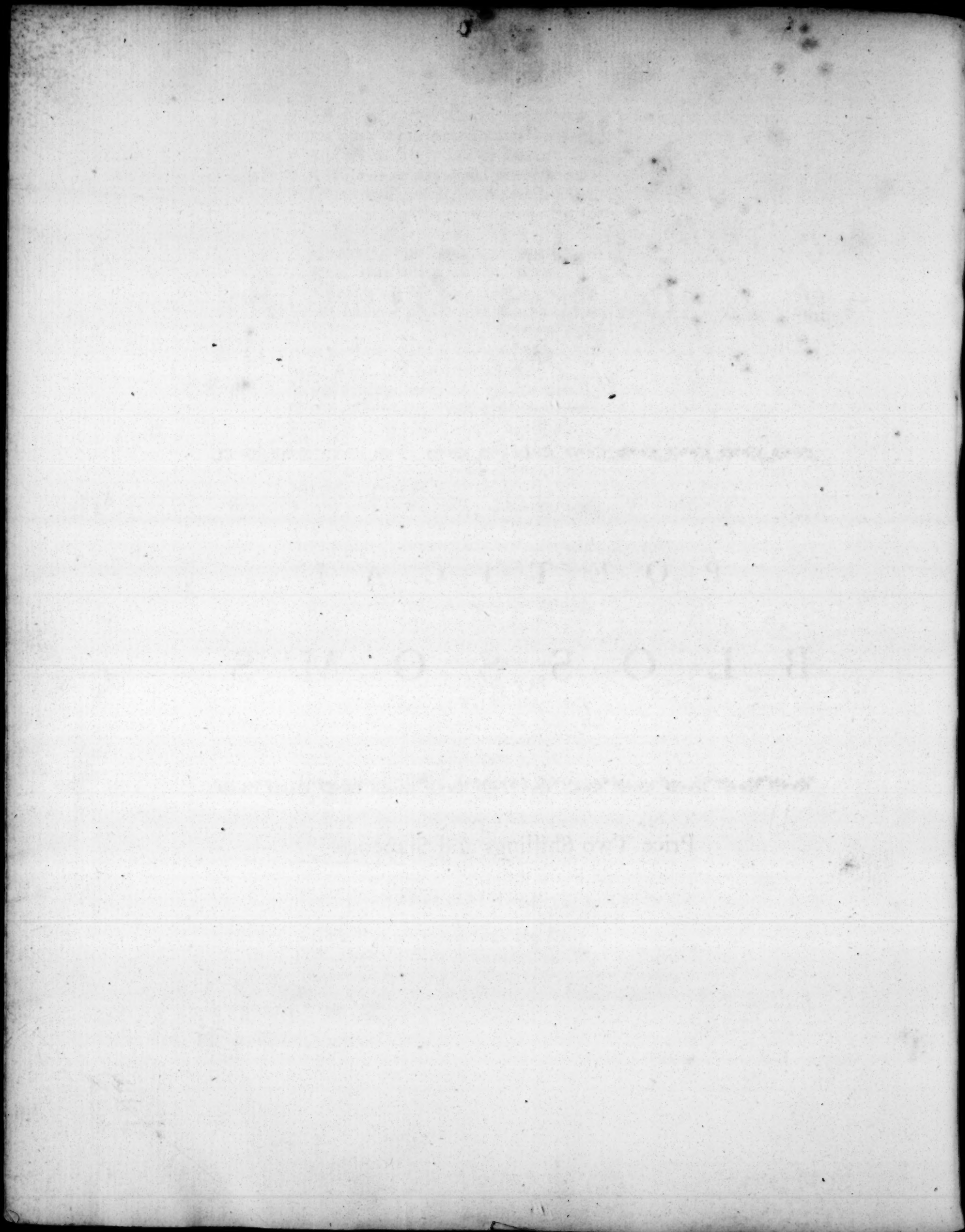




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Of the R O Y A L G R A M M A R S C H O O L, G U I L D F O R D.

---

Ego, apis Matinæ  
More modoque,  
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem  
Plurimum, circa nemus, uvidique  
Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus  
Carmina fingo. HOR.

---

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OF THE  
SACRAMENTO

AND  
SUTTER COUNTY

BY

JOHN W. BROWN

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AND  
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THE  
SACRAMENTO

AND  
SUTTER COUNTY  
PUBLISHED  
BY  
J. W. BROWN  
SACRAMENTO  
CALIF.



To the RIGHT HONORABLE

GEORGE ONSLOW, Esq;

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT for the County of

S U R R E Y,

One of the LORDS of the TREASURY,

A N D O F

HIS MAJESTY's most honorable privy-council.

S I R,

**T**H E following rude and unpolished lines are sub-  
missively offered to your perusal, in hopes that  
they will receive a favorable indulgence from you, as the  
first fruits of an infant muse. If these Blossoms are

a

so

so fortunate as to meet with your approbation, they shall defy the nipping frost of criticism, and arrive in time at maturity. I am, with the sincerest respect, and most grateful acknowledgment,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

and most devoted

Guildford, Surrey,  
October the 7th, 1772.

humble servant,

Richard Valpy.



## T H E

## P R E F A C E.

NATURE has implanted in us a kind of ambition, which, sometimes assisted by the importunities of friends, as soon as our thoughts are enlarged from the bounds of the mind, suggests to us a most prevailing inclination of ushering them into the world, tho' they are not always decorated with the most engaging dress. Some critics, I make no doubt, will immediately censure me in the severest terms for having obeyed the dictates of this inclination, alledging, that I ought to have kept to myself these productions, which, after some years had elapsed, I should think unworthy of the press, as far unequal to works of more perfection. To these I answer, in the words of a celebrated Poet, that it is an envious frost which nips the blossoms in their bud, and that it is a ridiculous absurdity to despise the moon and the stars, because the sun shines brighter.

Works



Works of this kind are generally soon buried in oblivion ; and I must be very partial to myself and conceited to expect a better fate than others whose blossoms were perhaps more approaching to maturity : however in this I comfort myself :

“ Me vivo, moriere, liber, fortasse : quid inde ?

“ Sæpe senem moritur filius antè patrem.

“ Seu moriari igitur vivo me, five superstes

“ Sis mihi ; mortalem me genuisse scio. ”



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P L E A S U R E,

A P O E M.

*Beatum sine Virtute neminem esse posse — damus.* CICERO.

— Pleasure never comes sincere to man,  
But lent by heav'n upon hard usury,  
For while Jove holds us out the bowl of joy,  
Ere it can reach our lips, 'tis dash'd with gall,  
By some left-handed God. — DRYDEN'S OEDIPUS.

C O M E, heav'nly Muse, thy vot'ry's mind inspire  
With kindly sparks of true poetic fire !  
Come, bright Apollo, born of race divine,  
Direct my fancy, favor my design,  
And fire my breast with thy celestial beam !  
I now first plunge in Aganippe's stream ;  
Young, unexperienc'd, I explore the plains  
Of Helicon, in yet untutor'd strains.

B

Of

Of Pleasure first I sing, a pleasing theme,  
 Tho' now I treat it as an empty dream.

What art thou, Pleasure, thou mysterious thing?  
 Whence does thy worth, or whence thy merit spring,  
 So dearly lov'd, so fondly fought by all? ---  
 An airy phantom, or an empty ball,  
 Which, like a bubble, mingles with the air:  
 A gilded poison of appearance fair,  
 Which tasted, brings inevitable pain  
 Destructive, o'er each nerve, and glowing vein,  
 'Till death dissolving ends the mortal frame,  
 And leaves behind the register of shame.

Who seeks the flow'rs of Pleasure on the ground,  
 Beneath will find the hidden serpent's wound.  
 As, when the angler sets the secret bait,  
 Th'exulting fishes see the varnish'd cheat,  
 Eager they press to catch th'alluring prize,  
 But ah! the first that takes it, tortur'd dies.

So



So what we take for Pleasure or for gain,  
Is torment, grief, anxiety, and pain.

How chang'd, oh Pleasure, since that happy time,  
When innocence and truth were in their prime ;  
When happiness and Pleasure, hand in hand,  
Auspicious strove to bless each grateful land !  
But now far other scenes my sight employ,  
Than those of Pleasure, innocence, and joy.  
Oh ! now abandon'd state of lost mankind !  
Whose vows are air, whose gratitude is wind.  
Let me not dwell on this detested theme,  
Or I shall perish in the guilt-foul'd stream : ---  
But now kind Muse, proceed ! the crime relate  
That could provoke th'avenging hand of fate  
Severe to punish man's offensive flame,  
And leave us only Pleasure's empty name.  
Has dire revenge Jove's mind serene possess'd ?  
Could indignation swell his peaceful breast ?

In days of yore, the Thund'rer from above,  
 With pity mov'd and sympathizing love  
 To man's obedient race, with lib'ral hand  
 Show'r'd various blessings on each happy land :  
 Mankind's tumultuous passions leagu'd in vain,  
 Far from their hearts he bound in a coercive chain :  
 With real happiness he sooth'd each breast,  
 And man his wish, as soon as form'd, possess'd,  
 The bounteous father willing to controul  
 Each care deep rooted in the lab'ring soul,  
 Call'd Pleasure forth from the exalted seat,  
 Where, 'midst the Gods, she held her fix'd retreat.  
 Approach, said he, thou ever-blooming maid,  
 In purest garb of innocence array'd :  
 Call forth thy steeds, on swiftest pinions fly,  
 And quick as fancy, cleave the yielding sky :  
 Commission'd hence to man's beloved race,  
 'Thou shalt complete my unexampled grace.  
 Henceforth shalt thou with man eternal dwell,  
 In the gilt roof, as in the lowly cell.

Hence



Hence ! to the world my gracious blessing bear,  
And shew mankind their safety is my care.

The Goddess bow'd obsequious and retir'd  
The God's behest her willing mind inspir'd.  
Quickly she flew, drawn in her silver car,  
Sublimely born along the ambient air.  
Mankind beheld her rushing from the skies,  
With reverential fear, and dazzled eyes :  
But when they knew that heav'nly guest was come  
To add fresh lustre to their blissful home,  
With floods resistless of delight possess'd,  
Promiscuous joy and wonder fill'd their breast.

As when the smiling spring, in sweet array,  
First warms the air, and crowns th' encreasing day ;  
When trees are with a verdant foliage crown'd,  
And rising flowers variegate the ground.  
The conscious shepherds, with melodious strains,  
Delighted gambol o'er th' enamel'd plains ;

The lambkins skip, the birds harmonious sing,  
 The whole creation smiles in the returning spring.  
 Thus men enchanted with the glorious prize,  
 With peals of acclamation pierc'd the skies.  
 From morn 'till noon, from noon 'till night's dark shade,  
 Man still was happy with the joy-born maid :  
 And when the stars shed forth their glimm'ring beams,  
 Pleasure attended still man's airy dreams.  
 With heav'n-descended Pleasure's sweets possess'd,  
 Each thought himself a God supremely blest.

But soon forgetting whence their bliss arose,  
 That fertile source from which all blessing flows,  
 Deluded mortals wak'd the wrath divine,  
 Forsaking Virtue, and the Thund'rer's shrine.  
 Whilst Pleasure's altars reek'd with sacrifice,  
 And frequent clouds of smoke involv'd the skies,  
 No vows were offer'd in the hallow'd grove,  
 No victim to repay the benefits of Jove ;

Who,



Who, from his throne, beheld with wild surprize,  
 Himself neglected, Pleasure's glories rise :  
 Sudden with grief and boiling rage oppress'd  
 Tumultuous fury lab'ring in his breast,  
 " Is't thus, said he, ungrateful men repay  
 " My boundless favor ? They no more obey  
 " My dread decrees, but by a guilty flame,  
 " Destroy my altars, and despise my name.  
 " And shall I bear it, lay my trophies down  
 " Like a fond wretch, and tamely yield my crown ? ---  
 " Perish that thought ! no rather all the world,  
 " Far from its basis in confusion hurl'd,  
 " Shall in an undistinguish'd ruin fall,  
 " And an eternal chaos cover all !  
 " But man extinguish'd, my revenge must cease,  
 " And justice lessen in the world's decrease.  
 " Then let man live, expos'd to endless strife,  
 " Living, despair ; despairing, curse his life. "

He

He said, and call'd to realms of heav'nly light  
 Pleasure, for ever banish'd from our sight !  
 And in her stead, to check the guilty flame,  
 Sent Pain on earth, array'd in Pleasure's name ;  
 Who uncontroul'd rules with resistless sway,  
 Whose laws austere deluded men obey.  
 At her right hand Ambition dire resides,  
 Who every step of daring mortals guides,  
 And Plutus spreads his treasures 'gainst her throne  
 Aspiring to command unbounded and alone ;  
 While the soft God of Love securely reigns,  
 And deals at pleasure his alluring chains.

Oh ! empty hope of Honor, Love, or Gain,  
 Whose gifts are air, whose promises are vain !  
 These ev'n perform'd, still new desires arise,  
 And change into a hell the fancied paradise.

The Man whose veins with thirst of Honor glow,  
 Feels, with his glory, his ambition grow :

Tho'



Tho' ev'ry thing conspire t'encrease our store,  
 Yet 'tis our Plenty makes us wish for more :  
 And he who's favor'd by the God of Love,  
 Blest in his flame, will still unhappy prove.

O ! let misfortune, man, unclofe thy eyes !  
 Pleasure from thee is fled into the skies,  
 Banish'd by Jove, 'till Virtue's sacred bloom,  
 Sprung in thy breast, recall the wandr'er home.

# The S E A S O N S,

## A N O D E.

*Itē prōcul, durum curæ genus, itē labores.*

TIBUL.

**W**HEN heaps congeal'd of dazzling snow  
 Oppress the mountain's ermin'd brow ;  
 When loudly-blust'ring winds arise  
 And hoarsely-hurtling sweep the skies ;  
 When frozen billows cease to roar,  
 Fast-cleaving to the blasted shore ;  
 Then from abroad, my friend, retire,  
 And jovial croud the high-pil'd fire :  
 Your chilling soul with goblets cheer  
 Of rosy wine, or frothy beer,

Or



Or drive the tedious time away  
 With blisful sport, and harmless play.  
 Let no vain cares torment your breast ;  
 But drink, and leave to heav'n the rest.  
 For soon th' auspicious pow'r above  
 The gloomy prospect will remove :  
 'Tis he, whose nod imperious binds  
 The fury of the raging winds :  
 At his command the storms arise,  
 He speaks --- again the tempest dies,  
 Unruffled flows the limpid flood,  
 Unshaken stands the leafy wood.

When Spring descends in teemful show'rs,  
 To paint the fields with blooming flow'rs ;  
 When birds renew their chirping lays  
 Perch'd on the green prolific sprays,  
 Then joys more pleasing you will prove,  
 The joys of blis-imparting love :

Then

Then o'er the turf-invested plains,  
 With sportful nymphs, and tripping swains,  
 Incited by the sounding lyre,  
 You'll lead the joy-enraptur'd choir :

When Summer, veil'd in tepid gales,  
 Advancing, o'er the Spring prevails ;  
 When shepherds drive their fainting flocks  
 Beneath the rugged rough-bent rocks ;  
 When Phœbus darts his sultry beams,  
 Then plunge amidst the cooling streams ;  
 'Till rising brisk, alert and gay,  
 You bound to tufted groves away,  
 Where, on soft beds of roses laid,  
 Beneath an oak's extended shade,  
 Shelter'd from Phœbus' burning rays  
 You meditate your sylvan lays.  
 And while the gently-cooling breeze  
 Soft whispers thro' the gloomy trees,

You



You mark the daify-border'd rills,  
 The mazy vales, the wood-crown'd hills,  
 And all the beauties of the grove,  
 Unbounded scene of joy and love !  
 Happy, if with some lovely fair  
 You can these rural pleasures share :  
 Content shall crown the circling hours  
 And ev'ry love-sprung blifs be yours.

When Ceres scatt'ring gifts around,  
 And Bacchus with perfection crown'd,  
 Auspicious pair ! conjoin'd appear,  
 Eager to blefs th'Autumnal year,  
 Inviting the laborious fwains  
 To reap rich blessings from the plains ;  
 As soon as the shrill-sounding horn  
 Proclaims the rosy-finger'd morn,  
 Rouse all the eager hunting crew,  
 Thro' hills and dales the chace pursue,

Seeking the branching stag to rear  
 With rapid steeds and pointed spear,  
 While the swift hounds their courses take,  
 And bleeding tear the spiny brake,  
 'Till the proud beast tir'd heaves for breath,  
 And pants and dreads devouring death.  
 Then when the sun declining bends,  
 And night her shady veil extends,  
 When huntsmen, spent with toil and heat,  
 From the long-beaten plain retreat :  
 Let copious bowls of luscious wine  
 New-press'd each grosser sense refine.  
 Or, where the vines their tendrils shoot,  
 Crop the profuse inviting fruit :  
 And while you drain fair Autumn's store,  
 Grateful resound Pomona's pow'r ;  
 'Till Winter's hoary blasts again  
 Invert the year and 'whelm the Plain.



As round the sun the planets roll,  
 And shine alternate on the pole ;  
 Thus each revolving season's found  
 With various beauties mutual crown'd.  
 The Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring  
 Unnumber'd joys alternate bring.  
 On pleasures still new pleasures roll  
 And charm each guilt-untainted soul.

While free my friend, from baneful strife,  
 You lead a peaceful rural life,  
 Avoid the cares which honors bring,  
 And scorn ambition's soaring wing.  
 In calm content serenely great,  
 Laugh at the gaudy pomps of state.  
 Resign'd to heav'ns auspicious pow'r,  
 Enjoy the present golden hour,  
 Think often grateful on the past,  
 And neither wish nor dread the last.

IMITATIONS

O F

H O R A C E.

S P R I N G.

**G** R I M Winter's scene is now withdrawn,  
And beauteous Spring begins to dawn.

The ships are launch'd into the main ;

And nature decks her form again.

The fire no more delights the swain ;

But flocks bound o'er th' enamel'd plain.

The birds frequent the verdant groves ;

And beasts renew their genial loves.

Phœbus, return'd, his influence yields,

To cheer the glebe, and paint the fields.

Now



Now whilst the silver lamp of night  
 O'er earth displays her sacred light,  
 Bright Venus thro' the blooming meads  
 With nymphs her mystic dances leads ;  
 Their joyful gambols o'er the green  
 Adorn the vernal, lively scene ;  
 Whilst the gay-sportive God of love,  
 And modest Graces, round her move ;  
 And jovial Faunes and Satyrs bound  
 With steps alternate o'er the ground.  
 Where, in the caverns deep below,  
 The roaring flames of Ætna glow,  
 Vulcan the toilsome forge inspires  
 With echoing blows, and hissing fires ;  
 And Cyclops in that dark abode  
 New thunder hasten for their God. ---  
 With myrtle deck'd, 'midst fragrant bow'rs,  
 We'll crown our heads with rising flow'rs,  
 To pleasure we'll our souls resign,  
 And drown our cares in gen'rous wine.

F

Then

Then shall a grateful sacrifice  
In curling fumes ascend the skies,  
Offer'd to all the sylvan pow'rs,  
In their ambrosial sacred bow'rs. ---  
Short bounds of life are set to man ;  
'Tis mirth alone must stretch our span :  
Then, Sextius, live e'er 'tis too late ;  
For soon, my friend, impartial fate  
Perhaps will strike the mortal blow,  
And snatch thee to the realms below ;  
Where once arriv'd, no sprightly bowl  
Shall crown thy joy-exalted soul ;  
No more shalt thou the fair admire  
With blissful love, or soft desire.



T O T H E  
R E P U B L I C.

**T**HOU shalt soon be tost again  
 Into the tumultuous main !  
 See, frail bark, what danger's near !  
 Hast thou nothing now to fear ?  
 With fatigues and storms oppress'd,  
 Reach the port and seek for rest.  
 Seest thou not thy shatter'd side  
 Is with oars no more supplied,  
 See, thy leaky prow is tost,  
 All thy ropes, thy yards are lost ;  
 Nor can thy weak keel sustain  
 All the fury of the main.

Blust'ring

Blust'ring winds contending roar,  
 Rolling billows to the shore.  
 Thy remaining sails are torn,  
 And by waves are overborn.  
 Ev'n the crew with ruthless rage  
 Cruel war intestine wage.  
 Thou invok'st thy Gods in vain  
 To appease the raging main.  
 Tho' thou art of race divine,  
 Tho' thou'rt built with Pontic pine,  
 Yet the Pilot's tim'rous brow  
 Will not trust thy painted prow :  
 O beware, lest tempests sweep  
 Thy gay figures to the deep !  
 Thou, who lately wast my fear  
 Now my fond desire and care,  
 Watchful still shun rocky lands,  
 Rising isles and shelvy sands.

IMITATIONS



[ 21 ]

IMITATIONS

O F

A N A C R E O N.

L O V E.

**A** V A U N T, vain Cupid ! hoarse alarms,  
High-waving swords, and rattling arms  
Shall now employ my daring lyre,  
And each far-sounding string inspire.  
I'll tell of Sparta's warlike king :  
Achilles' matchless deeds I'll sing,  
Whose soul enrag'd with martial fire  
Encounter'd death --- but ah ! my lyre  
No more heroic notes will prove,  
But, dumb to war, re'echoes love.

G

In

In vain I change each rebel string,  
 The soldier's noble feats to sing :  
 In vain I toil, in vain I try,  
 My strings will naught but love reply.  
 Then farewell, heroes ! love-sprung fire  
 Inflames my soul, and tunes my lyre.  
 I'll now no more of battles dream ;  
 But love shall be my darling theme



## B E A U T Y.

**N**ATURE, providently kind,  
 Arm'd with speed the trembling hind ;  
 Lions with tremendous claws,  
 Chafms of teeth and knotty paws ;  
 Fins to scaly fish she gave,  
 Sporting in the chrystal wave ;  
 To the warbling feather'd race  
 Wings to cleave th'aerial space ;  
 Guardian horns the bulls protend ;  
 Pointed stings the bees defend :  
 Man's for wit and art renown'd,  
 With celestial wisdom crown'd.  
 Nature's gifts I see assign'd :  
 What remains for womankind ?

What

What has tender woman shar'd ?  
Beauty, surest, safest guard. ---  
Beauty's influence all must feel,  
Tho' array'd in shielding steel,  
Beauty's charms resistless prove ;  
All must yield to conqu'ring love.



## LOVE's TREACHERY.

**T**H E world was hush'd in shadowy night---

Ursa display'd her paler light ;  
 An awful silence reign'd around,  
 And each was sunk in sleep profound,  
 When Love, by partial fate design'd  
 The foe, the tyrant of mankind,  
 Came forth in quest of prey to roam,  
 And flew around my peaceful home,  
 Long had he view'd with secret pain  
 My stubborn bosom's cold disdain ;  
 His crafty snares and fatal art  
 Had no ascendant o'er my heart.  
 Now stung with rage and envious hate,  
 The spiteful boy rapp'd at my gate.

H

When

When, slumb'ring undisturb'd with cares,  
 " Who's there, cry'd I, that boldly dares  
 " With clam'rous noise disturb my rest ? "  
 Love thus reply'd : " With toils oppress'd  
 " A helpless boy desires to dwell  
 " This night within thy happy cell,  
 " Who long hast stray'd thro' dreary plains,  
 " 'Midst roaring winds and show'ry rains. "  
 I pitying heard his wretched fate,  
 Then struck a light and op'd the gate.  
 Straight I beheld a blooming child,  
 With wings and arms, of aspect mild.  
 A fire I made with crackling wood,  
 And cheerfully around we stood ;  
 His chilling hands, with friendly care,  
 With mine I warm'd, and dry'd his hair.  
 But when the cold was driv'n away,  
 " Let us, said Cupid, now survey  
 " My moisten'd arms : I fain would know  
 " Whether the rain has hurt my bow. "

He



He said, and chose his sharpest dart,  
 Which --- too well guided ! --- pierc'd my heart.  
 Then parting cry'd, with scoffing voice :  
 " Dear landlord, with me now rejoice ;  
 " My bow is safe, sound was my dart,  
 " But soon, I ween, your breast will smart. "  
 From that curst time I strive in vain  
 To free my heart from Cupid's chain.  
 Th' infection's spread o'er ev'ry part---  
 A raging fire has seiz'd my heart.

## D R I N K I N G.

**T**H E gaping earth drinks up the rain;  
 The trees earth's dewy moisture drain;  
 Ocean, old drunkard, drinks away;  
 The fiery sun drinks up the sea:  
 And when his drunken journey's done,  
 The moon reflective drinks the sun.  
 Then, moralizers, tell me why,  
 Since all things tipple, should not I?



T H E  
G R O V E.

**T** H I S gloomy grove, transcendent maid,  
 Courts us t' enjoy it's silken shade.  
 Enchanting gloom ! secure retreat !  
 Of love and pleasure smiling seat !  
 See, how the sweetly-fanning breeze  
 Blows gently thro' the mur'mring trees !  
 While the sweet warblers of the spring  
 From bush to bush melodious sing,  
 The silver streams soft-bubbling flow,  
 And mingle with the flood below,  
 O Sylvia, can you view this grove,  
 And onward still unmindful move,

I

L O V E

## LOVE WOUNDED.

**A**S Cupid once 'midst verdant bow'rs  
Was plucking sweetly-od'rous flow'rs,

A bee, that on the roses hung  
Sleeping unseen, his finger stung.

His ruby cheeks with tears o'erflow'd,  
His little hand with anguish glow'd :

Then swiftly flying o'er the green,  
Lamenting thus to Love's fair queen :

“ Mama,” said he, “ I die with pain !

“ A winged serpent on the plain

“ That's by the shepherds call'd a bee,

“ From pity or discernment free,

“ Has.



“ Has stung me. oh ! some balm apply ;

“ Or soon, mama, you’ll see me die.”

Pleas’d with his smart, the Goddess smil’d,

“ Let this,” said she, “ instruct thee, child :

“ What if an insect’s harmless wound

“ Unman thy strength, thy soul confound,

“ Think what they feel, whose hapless hearts

“ Are stung with thy deep-wounding darts.

## G O L D,

**O** H ! how painful not to love !  
Love will ever painful prove ;  
But the most distracting pain  
Is to love, and love in vain. ---  
Ev'ry virtue, ev'ry good,  
Sparkling wit and noble blood  
Are with scornful Cupid vain ;  
Gold alone can beauty gain.  
Hell ! thy massive bars unfold ;  
'Whelm the wretch who first us'd gold,  
Curfes round his manes rove,  
Who with gold first purchas'd love !



Gold begets fraternal hate,  
 Parents' curse and stern debate ;  
 Gold can friendship's bands remove,  
 Gold destroys all filial love ;  
 Gold's the cause of dire alarms,  
 Murders and destructive arms. ---  
 Would it's evils ended there !  
 Gold makes even love despair.

## ANACREONTICS.

## S O L I T U D E.

**B**ENEATH these boughs, where jess'mins bloom,  
 This day, my Sylvia, let us rove.  
 Nature has form'd this shady gloom  
 The blest retreat of peace and love.

Within these solitary glades  
 Transcendent joys have fix'd their seat :  
 No medler e'er disturbs these shades,  
 But warblers cautious and discreet.



Fast to its flow'r-enamel'd fides  
 This bubb'ling riv'let seems to cleave ;  
 And winding flow, reluctant glides,  
 This grove romantic loth to leave.

Flora carefs'd by Zephyrs bland  
 Scatters ambrosial sweets around,  
 And blooming flow'rs, at her command,  
 Diversify the teeming ground.

Here Cupid reigns with boundless sway :  
 These verdant turfs are only trod  
 By those who on the bark display  
 The trophies of th'all conqu'ring God.

All things conspire to sooth thy mind :  
 Myriads of Graces round thee move.  
 And could'st thou, Sylvia, be unkind,  
 Deaf to the call of blissful love ?

LOVE

# LOVE AWAKE D.

**A** LONG a solitary glade  
 As once I chanc'd to stray,  
 Beneath an oak's romantic shade,  
 An infant sleeping lay.

As I approach'd, his matchless charms  
 Attracted my regard :  
 His little wings and shining arms  
 The God of love declar'd.

He had Lucinda's ev'ry grace,  
 Lucinda, false, unkind !  
 Whose graceful form and lovely face  
 Ere while inflam'd my mind.

But



But now the object of her scorn,  
 Falshood and causeless spite,  
 With constant vows I'd often sworn  
 To shun her hated fight.

Now recollection from my breast  
 Drew forth a sudden scream,  
 Which interrupted Cupid's rest,  
 And broke his gentle dream.

Enrag'd, his fatal bow he drew,  
 And chose his sharpest dart,  
 Which with a force elastic flew,  
 And deeply pierc'd my heart.

"Thy wound," said he, "from rashness springs ;  
 "Resume Lucinda's love."  
 This said, he spread his filken wings,  
 And flying left the grove.

T H E  
T R E A S U R E.

**W**H Y should I pass the hoarse-resounding main,  
 Tempting the danger of precarious gain?  
 Since I may here, undanger'd and at ease,  
 View the rich product of the lands and seas.  
 Why should I sea-girt Tyre for purple seek?  
 Since I can find it in my Sylvia's cheek.  
 Or search for pearls the western deeps? there lies  
 More brightness far in her enchanting eyes.  
 Or seek perfumes beyond the parching line?  
 When Sylvia breathes ambrosial sweets divine.  
 For iv'ry ransack Afric's burning sands?  
 Since iv'ry sparkles in her snowy hands.  
 But all the virtues that adorn mankind  
 Direct her thoughts, and influence her mind.

Then



Then would you see the blooming pow'rs of sense  
 With beauty meet, and godlike excellence,  
 Search not the boundless world, but hither move,  
 And view the pattern of eternal love.

E P I G R A M

O N R E A D I N G

T R A P P ' S V I R G I L.

**I** Mourn the hardships which Æneas bore,  
 Before he reach'd Italia's fertile shore.  
 Was't not enough to see his friends expire,  
 And frame his way thro' flaming floods of fire;  
 To be, in summer's heat, and winter's frost,  
 From clime to clime, o'er raging billows tost?  
 But why must he, ye Gods! for all his pains,  
 Rewarded be with Trapp's reviling strains?

E P I G R A M

## E P I G R A M

O N

## Sir J O H N F A L S T A F F.

**F** A L S T A F F the fat, whose memorable name  
 Poets and jovial toppers still proclaim,  
 That base impostor, whose sack-heated brain  
 Could crack a joke, and shun th'embattled plain,  
 Seeing bold Percy's coarse stretch'd on the ground,  
 All mangled, torn, and one continued wound,  
 The royal Harry railing thus addrest :  
 " I saw the Scots with pond'rous arms oppress ;  
 " Despairing they their flying arrows hurl'd,  
 " As if they meant to terrify the world.  
 " Happy, that I could thus the battle see,  
 " Escaping death, and from all danger free.  
 " 'Twas thou alone couldst conquer Percy's rage ;  
 " But now he's dead, the hero I'll engage."

T H E



T H E

T I M E S.

O Thou, whose ease and happiness depend  
 On a lov'd brother, or a bosom friend,  
 How weak thy hope ! how wretched is thy aim !  
 They but delude thee, mask'd with friendship's name ;  
 Fawning they flatter, and dissemble love,  
 But int'rest is the goal to which they move.  
 Sincerity is fled, and vice alone  
 Usurps her empire, and ascends her throne.  
 Whate'er should flow from innocence of heart  
 Springs from deceit, from subtlety and art.

M

The

The man, whose looks display alluring smiles,  
Yet in his bosom bears perfidious wiles,  
Securely cheats the virtuous and the wise,  
Quite unsuspected, rapt in deep disguise ;  
His acts uncensur'd, and secure his fame,  
He bids defiance to remorse and shame.



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O N T H E  
A S S I Z E S.

Held at *GUILDFORD*, in the Year 1772,

B E F O R E

WILLIAM LORD MANSFIELD,

A N D

Sir SYDNEY STAFFORD SMYTHE, Knt.

W H Y heaves my panting breast with murm'ring  
fighs ?

And whence those drops that trickle from my eyes ?

They are the tears that from soft pity flow,

Which rends my heart with sympathizing woe.

Behold ! stretch'd on the rough unfriendly stone,

Heart-piercing fight ! unhappy wretches groan

Dreading their final doom : their rattling chains

Still add new horror to their heart-felt pains.

While

While with impatience their relations wait  
 The word decisive of their dubious fate ;  
 See, on the bench, array'd in pompous state,  
 Sits the stern Judge, majestically great ;  
 Whose ev'ry sentence strikes the tender heart,  
 And bids the tears from each beholder start !

But ah ! a gen'ral stillness now has spread  
 It's downy wings on each attentive head.  
 He speaks ! the dreadful sentence now is past ;  
 Some guilty wretches soon shall breathe their last.  
 Whilst others, doom'd to leave their native shore,  
 Their friends, their all --- perhaps to meet no more !  
 Condemn'd to rot in a barbarian soil,  
 O'erwhelm'd with pain, and faint with rig'rous toil,  
 Reluctantly depart, and as they move,  
 Take a last farewell of their hapless love.

What



What groans of death-devoted men, and cries  
 Of screaming women rend the wond'ring skies !  
 " Forgive, my Lord, spare, spare, oh ! spare my life !  
 " Restore me to my children and my wife.  
 " Be merciful ; and oh ! in pity, save  
 " My hopes of youth from an untimely grave. "  
 Then in a ghastly, fruitless sorrow drown'd,  
 They dash their heads against the flinty ground.  
 They strike their breasts, and in extreme despair,  
 Tear up the earth, and rend their bristling hair.  
 Their cries and tears again promiscuous flow,  
 And form a concord of distracting woe.  
 What hard spectator can from tears refrain,  
 And stand unfeeling sympathizing pain ?  
 Insensible, harsh Justice ! cannot all  
 Reprieve the sinner from the dreadful fall  
 Into Eternity, --- that boundless space,  
 Which swift-wing'd time, with ever-flying pace  
 Can never run ? no : Justice clears the good,  
 Severely merciful, but thirsts for guilty blood.

N

Then

Then, Deeds, repine not at the just decree,  
 Which marks heav'ns vengeance on thy crime and thee :  
 Humbly submit ; adore the wrath divine,  
 And think that pain was due to guilt like thine.

Avaunt ye wretches, whom the Judge above,  
 Nor dread of instant punishment can move !  
 Who, fraught with zeal in a flagitious cause,  
 Trample on virtue, and on broken laws :  
 Who to your passions still subservient prove,  
 And scorning Justice, indurated rove :  
 Who stand unmov'd, and cast a smile on death,  
 Seeing your tortur'd fellows yield their breath.  
 Audacious men, repent ! the time will come,  
 When you shall tremble at your rig'rous doom.  
 More impious far, those who're by law decreed,  
 For heinous crimes, in mournful pomp, to bleed,  
 And who, instead of penitential tear,  
 Break out in curse, and still to guilt adhere.

Or



Or those who, hugging their fix'd fires within,  
 Only repent, because they cannot fin.  
 Can such guilt-burden'd think to meet their fate,  
 And dare the passage to a future state ?  
 Do they not see the gaping jaws of hell,  
 Where vengeful cares, and horrid torments dwell,  
 Ready to snatch them in eternal fire,  
 Deserving victims of th' Almighty's ire ?

O thou, who in the heav'ns hast fix'd thy throne !  
 Thou pow'r immense, unbounded and alone !  
 Thou mighty monarch of the sea and land ;  
 Who rul'st o'er all with absolute command !  
 Who know'st the deep recesses of my heart,  
 To me, to me, thy boundless grace impart !  
 O ! let these sad examples warn my soul,  
 And each rebellious passion still controul !  
 But rather --- may thy unexampled love  
 In flame my heart, and turn my thoughts above !

O ! teach me still in virtue's bounds to stay,  
 Nor from the paths of Justice ever stray :  
 That when, at once the wicked and the just  
 Rising distinguish'd from their kindred dust,  
 My conscious soul on wings expanded flies,  
 To meet her Judge at the last, dread Assize,  
 No spot, no unrepented sin be found,  
 To rise in judgment, and her hopes confound ;  
 But chrystal-clear, she may from troubles cease,  
 Dwell with the blessed saints, and rest in endless peace.

*F I N I S.*



